

# KID ANARCHY

NUMBER 1

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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

**A**FTERTHOUGHT AND HINDSIGHT ARE USUALLY PRONE TO DEEPER PERSPECTIVE THAN AT THE IMMEDIACY OF THE MOMENT, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE MOMENT CONCERNED IS ONE OF YOUTHFUL EXPRESSION AT ITS MOST VITAL. BEARING THAT THOUGHT, I NOW IMPART MY REFLECTIONS OF AN ERA WITH WHATEVER WISDOM AND GRACE THE PRESENT DAY ALLOWS. KNOWING WELL TOMORROW MAY FIND A FOOL OF ME TODAY... AGAIN. MY NAME IS TOMMY DELANEY, BUT IT WASN'T BACK THEN. DURING A PERIOD OF MY LIFE MARKED BY INTERMINABLE ANGST AND HELPLESSLY SELF-INFLICTED TORMENT, TOMMY DELANEY WAS CHANGED; BACK THEN IT WAS

# SOMETHING ELSE..





### WELCOME TO YAMSTON.

IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES, OR SO I DECLARED THEN AND THERE. THOUGH RIPE WITH MELODRAMA, MY NOTIONS WERE NOT WHOLLY UNJUST, FOR YAMSTON WAS BUT A RURAL TOWN IN THE DEEP SOUTH, AN UNYIELDING MISTRESS TO THOSE WHO SOUGHT MEANING BEYOND THE KUDZU AND FACTORY JOBS IN WAITING. STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT WAS THAT VERY LACK OF OPPORTUNITY WHICH CAUSED ME TO ATTAIN

MEANS AND WAYS MORE COMMONLY ASSOCIATED WITH LIVES SPENT IN MORE CULTURALLY ENCOURAGING AREAS. ABANDONED TO MY OWN DEVICES, I FOUND IDENTITY IN UNDOING ALL THAT LIFE HAD WROUGHT. THE CIRCLE "A" REPRESENTED NOT SO MUCH A SOCIO-POLITICAL INTENT, BUT RATHER, IT WAS AN END UNTO ITSELF, SYMBOLIZING AN UNFULFILLMENT, A DIRE SENSE OF WANT, ONE WHICH WAS UNARTICULATED, AND PERHAPS UNATTAINABLE. FORTUNATELY, I WAS NOT ALONE.

ANY MENTION OF FRIENDS MUST BEGIN WITH MY OLDEST AND TRUEST, SHERMAN S. KRELLBERG. HE AND I HAVE BEEN WITH AND AT EACH OTHER SINCE THE MULTI-STRIPED, CREW NECK T-SHIRT DAYS OF GRADE SCHOOL.



DESCENDING FROM A MIXED MARRIAGE OF TWO GENERATIONS AGO, HE WAS NOT ONLY BLACK AND JEWISH, BUT FATHERLESS AS WELL. THE COMBINATION OF SUCH FACTORS WOULD WEIGH MIGHTILY UPON THE PSYCHE OF ANY YOUNG CHILD, BUT FOR ONE GROWING UP IN YAMSTON ...



NEVER ABLE TO FULLY INTERGRATE INTO A PEER GROUP, SHERM BECAME A WILLING ICONOCLAST, DEFINING HIMSELF THROUGH WHATEVER MEANS HE AND HE ALONE SAW FIT.



SINCE ENROLLING AT COMMUNITY COLLEGE, SHERM HAS EXPERIENCED A SLIGHTLY BROADER FIELD OF OPPORTUNITY - FOR INSTANCE, HE MET SAM ...



SOMEWHERE WITHIN THAT TYPICAL RED-NECK EXTERIOR LURKED AN ARTISTIC SOUL, ONE WHO SOUGHT EXPRESSION THROUGH MEANS OTHER THAN THE RITUALIZED HAND-ME-DOWNS OF OUR POPULACE ...



HOWEVER HARD SAM TRIED, HE WAS FOREVER SUBJECT TO THE RELENTLESS WHIP OF CONDITIONING, AS SO WERE SHERM AND I. SO WE MADE A GOOD GROUP - ABLE TO RECOGNIZE AND ACCEPT IN EACH OTHER WHAT OTHERS MAY HAVE DEEMED AS SHORT COMINGS.







... WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT CHUCK? WOULD CALLING HIM A QUASI-BEATNIK PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL REDNECK MYSTAGOGUE SUFFICE? 'NOT HARDLY' AS HE WOULD PUT IT.

...AND THEN WE WERE FIVE; PRESENTED WITH AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR SCENE WHICH HAD BEEN PLAYED OUT SO MANY TIMES BEFORE AND MANY TIMES TO COME. THE CLOSING OF THE STORE AT DAWN'S END SIGNALLED THE ETERNAL CRUX OF OUR UNITY: WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



THE OPTIONS WERE THE SAME AS ALWAYS, AS SO WOULD BE THE CONSEQUENCES. WHENEVER AN EVENING OF LIQUID REFRESHMENT PROPOSED ITSELF, I FOUND IT EASY ENOUGH TO SECEDE FROM OUR CIRCLE AND RESIGN TO THE EMBRACING SOLITUDE OF HOME.

DISTANCING MYSELF FROM MY FEW AND ONLY FRIENDS WAS OF COURSE, SHAMELESS PANDERING TO MY EMOTIONAL TURMOIL. FALLING TO MY KNEES AND CRYING OUT TO THE ONES WHO LOVED ME BEST WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH TOO DIFFICULT; HONESTY AND MATURITY WOULD NOT BECOME ME. SO CALL IT A CHEAP SUICIDE IF YOU WILL - "THEY'LL MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE" - ONLY THIS WAY I WOULD HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TOMORROW. THERE WERE INDEED NUMEROUS TOMORROWS, MORE THAN I DESERVED, AND I DIED MANY, MANY TIMES.



THE END